

## The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
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## TO CROWD US OUT OF BUSINESS?

**D**OES England mean formally to declare a trade war against the United States? Or is this country's commerce merely to be quietly held up and annihilated in odd corners until British trade interests feel assured of future supremacy?

Blacklisting American business firms having become a recognized part of Great Britain's commercial policy, it is scarcely to be wondered if Uncle Sam begins to put two and two together to gain some notion of the magnitude of the plot against him.

Are the efforts of Great Britain to establish a dictatorial supervision of this country's foreign trade aimed solely at cutting off supplies which might reach England's enemies? Or is the persecution of American business, while ostensibly a war policy, in reality a deep-laid, systematic scheme for tightening the grip of British trade—after the war—upon the markets of the world?

British threats have taken many forms. British pressure has been applied in many ways. American firms have been forced to discharge officials to whom British authorities objected. Banking houses have been refused the handing of their drafts. Coal privileges were denied an American vessel at Colombo, a British port, because she carried goods shipped by blacklisted concerns. Coffee consigned to the United States has been held up in Brazil because representatives of the British Government threatened to cut off the coal supply of steamers upon which the coffee was to have been loaded.

In the Pacific, British purpose appears even less concealed. There, where the American flag no longer counts in shipping, American cargoes carried in British vessels are held up by British cruisers and treated as "enemy goods."

The regular seizure of American mail in English ports was explained by the British authorities as part of the attempt to blockade Germany. Yet now the British Minister of War, Lloyd George, has admitted that Great Britain makes use of information she obtains through opening neutral mails to further her own trade interests. The State Department at Washington has received specific complaints showing that British firms have in various instances secured business first sought by American firms whose letters were intercepted.

It is high time for this country to discover exactly what Great Britain is about. Neither war methods nor war manners can be long tolerated in open trade competition between two friendly nations. Congress has just furnished the President with adequate retaliatory powers. To use them would seem to be the quickest way to find out how easily the British Board of Trade thinks it can crowd us off the map.

## WATCHING THE PRICE OF BREAD.

**T**HE attitude of Federal officials in Illinois toward the proposal of the Master Bakers' Association to bake only ten cent loaves of bread without specified size or weight, bears out The Evening World's contention that no such scheme to shift further disproportionate burdens to the back of the already overloaded householder can stand Government scrutiny.

Nor can the bakers escape the charge of collusion by their ingenious plan to have one of their number boost prices and the others "voluntarily" follow suit.

"Such a tacit understanding is a meeting of minds for unlawful purposes," declares Assistant United States Attorney Joseph Fleming. "It comes within the scope of the Anti-Trust law."

Bakers in this city have not committed themselves to the ten-cent loaf proposition. If they are wise they will not. The new plan carries no assurance that the ten-cent loaf will be twice as big or weigh twice as much or contain the same quality of bread as the five-cent loaf. The master bakers' real purpose is to force the public to buy at a round price a new loaf "of a weight consistent with the present cost of flour and wheat," the baker to be the sole judge of that consistency.

Not for New York, thank you. This city has its eyes open, ready to look closely into any boosting of the price of bread. If impartial public inquiry can show sound reasons for advancing bread prices, that is another matter. Meanwhile, as Commissioner of Weights and Measures Hartigan says, if dealers deal fairly with the public they will "let the consumer know the weight and quality of the bread he buys, especially the weight."

Consumers expect sooner or later to bear their fair share of all burdens. But there is no reason why they should carry double loads in every instance where producers and retailers see a way to turn exigency into increased profits.

Laws, State and National, against conspiracy are in good working order. Public prosecutors are there to enforce them. Where else should the hard-pressed householder look for protection?

## Letters From the People

**A Is Right.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A bet that when the old Guttenberg track in New Jersey was in operation that at one time they raced by electric light at night. J. O. S. Yes! Secretary of State, No. 227 West Seventy-fourth Street.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Do I have to have a license to run a motorcycle? If so, where do I apply for the license? C. R. F.  
January, 1916; No.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
When did widowed mothers begin to receive their pensions? Can a mother receive a pension for her children if she remarries?  
CONSTANT READER.  
Usually About Thirty Days.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
How long must one wait before they learn whether they will receive benefits under the Widows' Pension Bill?  
ANXIOUS.  
Vocational School for Boys.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Where can I get free instruction on gasoline engines?  
W. B.  
Wednesday.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What day did July 10, 1878, fall on?  
A. F. J.

## Men Who Fail

By J. H. Cassel



"I'll slip in a visit to some friends at the expense of the firm."

## How Weapons Began

Copyright, 1916, by The Evening World, Inc. No. 14—MACHIN GUNS.

**T**HE dream of a mechanical gun that could send a shower of projectiles into the ranks of the enemy filled the minds of inventors for hundreds of years. Indeed, it is argued that there was a sort of machine gun at the very beginning, the "cart with gunnes," one of the oldest types of artillery. This was a wagon, the wheels fitted with pikes and scythes to break the opposing line, and carrying several hand-cannons. A train of powder was run from one to another and they could be fired together. Later came the "organ," which got its name from the number of pipes or barrels.

But none was a success; there was no great difficulty in firing them quickly, but the job of loading was a staggering one. So the reliable machine gun had to wait for the working out of the breech-loading idea and the invention of metallic cartridges.

Richard Jordan Gatling, our own fellow citizen, solved the problem, his first model being turned out about 1860. It consisted of a number of barrels attached to a revolving shaft, was mounted on wheels and was operated by a crank. When perfected the Gatling gun was a most reliable and effective weapon, having a record of more than 1,000 shots a minute. About the same time Napoleon III. instructed Commandant Reffye to build a machine gun in the Government arsenal. Tremendous secrecy was ordered and although rumors of what was afoot got about, the details could not be learned. But the secret was kept even from the army that was to use the gun and when the Prussians invaded France Reffye had to issue his "mitrailleuse" to soldiers unfamiliar with its use, while the German artillery had been ordered to smother the new weapon whenever it appeared. It was a bitter disappointment.

Sir Hiram Maxim, born in Maine, but who later became a British subject, invented in 1884 the first automatic machine gun, the force of the recoil being made to extract the shell, reload and fire again as long as ammunition was supplied. This was a far lighter weapon than the Gatling and mounted on a tripod. Then came the Hotchkiss, like the Colt and Winchester, which was operated by part of the gas of the explosive; but even though their fire equalled that of fifty or sixty riflemen, the demand was always for a simpler and lighter gun, one that might in a pinch be handled by a single soldier.

A demand has been met by the wonderful Lewis gun, the invention of Col. Isaac Newton Lewis, a retired American army officer. It weighs but twenty-six and a half pounds, is air-cooled and is effective both on the ground and from an aeroplane. Unfortunately it was not at first accepted by our own War Department, but has been eagerly adopted by the allied governments and has proved to be one of the sensations of the great war.

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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**A** MAN'S mind is like a non-refillable bottle—once he has received the impression that you are in love with him the only way to get the idea out of his head is to extract the whole brain.

Hope is a chain of iron which holds a man to a woman's side—gratitude a silken thread a million miles long which permits him to wander at will.

Alas! no man can be full of romance and hay fever at the same time.

Most men select a wife for about the same reason as Adam did—simply because they happen to be lonely and bored and she happens to be the only woman at hand.

The man who extracts the full measure of joy out of life is the one who always gives more than he expects; sometimes spends more than he can afford and occasionally loves more than is wise.

The most successful men are not those who have been inspired by a wise woman's love, but those who have persisted in order to gratify a foolish woman's whims.

Usually the only act of kindness a man shows to the woman who loves him too much, too long or too obviously is to refrain from marrying her.

The Modern Girl's Slogan: Let me sign my own checks and I care not who may sign a wedding certificate!

## The First Vegetarian

**T**HE first preacher of vegetarianism to gain any wide fame was Roger Crab, an eccentric Englishman, who died 236 years ago. He fought in the Parliamentary army under Cromwell and received a wound in the head, which may have accounted for some of his later vagaries. After the close of the Civil War he sold all his goods and distributed the proceeds among the poor, then took up his residence in a hut near Ickenham, where he was said to have lived on three farthings a week. Having decided that it was sinful to eat any kind of animal food, he subsisted on a diet of bran, dock leaves, mallows and grass.

For dessert he had a pudding made of bran and turnip tops chopped together. When he attempted to spread his ideas he met with much popular opposition. He then denounced his opponents in most lurid terms, and was on various occasions cudgelled and put in the stocks. Four times he was arrested on suspicion of being a wizard, and was sent from prison to prison. He perished in his course in spite of all persecution, refusing to eat any animal food while in jail. He wrote two pamphlets, entitled "The English Hermit, or The Wonder of the Age," and "Dagon's Downfall, or The Great Idol Dismantled." Root and Branch; the English Hermit's Spade at the Ground and Root of Idolatry." Crab lived to a ripe old age, but made few converts to his doctrine.

## The Roumanians

**A**LTHOUGH Roumania is commonly supposed to be a Slav country, like its Balkan neighbors, there is excellent ethnological basis for the claim of the Roumanians to be descended from the Roman colonists who were sent beyond the Danube in the second century by the Emperor Hadrian. The language of the Roumanians is Latin in construction, and while there is a large percentage of Slav roots in the Roumanian linguistic tree, these are gradually being uprooted. Inter-marriage with the Slavs has produced a mixed race, but the Roumanians are almost certainly more closely related to the Italians than to the Russians and other Slavs.

The pride which the "Roman," as they call themselves, feel in their Latin ancestry has had a profound political effect, and the Roumanians followed the lead of their cousins of Italy in siding with the allies in this war. It is probable that the traces of Latin descent are due in greater part to a later immigration, about the twelfth century, from the Alpine districts than to the original colonization of Roumania early in the Christian era. Aside from the Roumanians, the most considerable elements in the population of the country are the Jews and the gypsies. The former number about 300,000, and the latter about 200,000. The great majority of the people are adherents of the Greek Church.

## Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

An Endless Chain of Boosters.

**"W** E handle the medium and cheaper grades of goods," said the proprietor of a furniture store, "and a good many of our sales are made on the installment basis."

"A great deal of our business has always come from the recommendations of our customers. One day it occurred to me that there was a splendid field for increased sales."

"Suppose we made it a real object for our customers to boost us? I reflected. Isn't it possible to create an endless chain of personal representatives throughout the city?"

"It was a simple matter to draw off a list of customers for the previous twelve months and to circulate them, offering 4 per cent, either in cash or in case they still owed money, in credit, sent by them. Within a couple of weeks the effect of this began to be felt. People took particular pains to tell us that so and so had sent them. In many cases I know that the commission was remitted to the purchaser by the recipient. But we had no objection to this."

"About four times a year we cover our mailing list, reminding our customers of this offer."

"It has resulted in a very substantial increase in sales. Although, doubtless, we pay commissions on some sales which would have gravitated to us anyway, the profit on the business which would otherwise have been placed elsewhere far outweighs the loss thus represented."

"I find that most purchasers of office furniture fall into one of three divisions," said the manager of that department of a furniture store. "They are new arrivals in the city; they are residents moving into larger quarters, or they are residents starting a new business."

"Any or all of these types are likely to select their quarters before they begin to inspect furniture."

"Consequently the building superintendent or rental agent sees them before I do. What is more logical than for me to line up with these men as allies? Practically every empty office in this city has my ad. hanging on the wall. And as there is something in it for the agent or superintendent who shows the property, generally a word of commendation is put in for this store."

"I call this pretty inexpensive advertising. Of course, my windows bring a lot of business, and so does my newspaper advertising. And the two latter media support the former."

"The beauty of this commission arrangement, however, is the fact that it costs nothing until the sale is made. I don't have to pay in advance."

## Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces.

By Albert Payson Terhune

## THE WHITE WOLF. By Su Gilbert Campbell.

**P**AUL SERGEVITCH was a Russian noble who had disgraced himself by drunkenness and gambling and to every known vice. The czar, by way of punishment, exiled Paul to the interior estate in Lithuania.

There, shut off from all the gayeties he loved, the banished man spent his days in hunting and his nights in brandy swilling. His wife died. He drank the harder.

His little son Alexis and his baby daughter Katrina shared his exile. The two children were looked after by the servants, as Paul gave scant heed to their upbringing. Indeed, he gave no special heed to anything except brandy and hunting. The management of his family and of his estate was left to Michel, his old valet.

One day Michel reported in terror to his master that a large snow-white wolf was ravaging the district and that the brute had slain many wayfarers, eating only the hearts of his victims.

Michel believed the monster was a werewolf (a human being who has the power to change into a wolf).

Paul led a party of peasants into the forest in search of the marauder. They sighted the wolf and tracked it into a thicket. Forming a circle around the thicket, the peasants prepared to set fire to the undergrowth and to smoke out the lurking creature.

Just then a gloriously beautiful woman stepped forth from the thicket. She was clad in a white fur mantle and her eyes shone like fire.

Introducing herself to Paul as a fugitive from the Russian political police, she said she had hidden in the bushes on her flight through the forest, fearing lest the peasants were a cordon of pursuing policemen. She added that, as she hid there, a great white wolf had dashed past her.

Paul at once fell in love with the beautiful stranger.

He begged her to honor him by a visit to his castle, declaring she would be safe there from the police. She accepted the invitation. When the enamored Paul asked her name, she bade him call her "Katrina."

Old Michel, from the first, hated and suspected his master's lovely guest. So did little Alexis. But Katrina was fascinated by her beauty.

Alexis, too, was gravely disappointed at his father's failure to hunt down the mysterious white wolf. He declared loudly that he himself was going to be a wolf hunter as soon as he should grow up. In the mean time he got hold of a rusty, old brass-bound horse pistol, which he loaded. Armed with this awkward weapon, the child used to creep around the castle garden at night, pretending he was hunting the white wolf.

One evening Katrina told Paul she must leave the castle on the morrow. Paul besought her to stay and to be his wife. He exclaimed:

"If you go from here, you will take my heart with you!"

"You may be speaking more truthfully than you think," she murmured under her breath. Continuing aloud: "Meet me, in two hours, at the old sundial at the bottom of the garden and I will give you my reply."

The night was bitter cold and starlit when Paul Sergevitch stole forth from the castle and hurried down the dark walks of the garden toward the sundial. As he neared the bottom of the garden, he saw Katrina waiting for him.

She was clad from head to foot in her white fur mantle. A thrill of unreasoning terror swept over the man at sight of her. But he ran forward to clasp her in his arms.

"Is it yes or no?" he cried, eagerly.

For reply she snarled and launched herself bodily upon him. A knife gleamed in her hand. Paul crashed to earth, with his head in his heart. As the woman bent above him, a pistol shot split the silence of the winter night. Little Alexis, wolf hunting as usual in a nearby clump of bushes, had seen the attack, and he had fired pointblank at the murderer.

The servants came running out of the house at sound of the shot. They found their master dead. Near him lay the slain body of a gigantic white wolf—with Paul Sergevitch's heart gripped between its forepaws.

## Just a Wife—(Her Diary)

Edited By Janet Trevor

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CHAPTER XLIV.

**O**CT. 20 (continued).—Madame Felice glanced at me coldly. "You know Marie?" she interrogated.

"I never saw her before," I replied. "But I am a physician's wife, and I recognize malnutrition when I see it."

Madame shrugged, then remarked: "The girl has had her wages. For some time she has appeared listless and has taken little interest in her work. Now she has ruined one of my best models," and a white, scornful finger indicated the mass of crumpled satin, marred with dust marks, in the midst of which the girl still lay as she had fallen. "She is discharged," Madame ended, with another shrug. Again she stooped and seized the girl by the shoulders, none too gently.

I felt as if I were seeing a child beaten.

"Let me lift her," I said quietly, and in a moment I had half lifted, half carried her to the nearest couch. "A glass of water, please," I added.

I felt a touch on my shoulder and turning, saw another young woman, with a tumbler. Mutely she offered it, then jerked away as Madame inquired coldly: "Is that trimming all sorted, Faustine?"

Dipping my handkerchief in the water, I dabbed Marie's temples and closed eyelids. The latter fluttered. I slipped my arm under her shoulders and raised her to a sitting position.

I put the glass of water to her lips. Obviously she took two or three sips. Then her eyes opened wide and focused on Marie. Felice, who stood coldly regarding her.

"Oh, what have I done?" she murmured weakly.

"Set up, Marie," commanded her employer. "Take off the dress which you have spoiled and for which I should ask you to pay. Your services are dispensed with, however, from this morning on."

As if she had been pricked with a sword, the girl was instantly on her feet.

"Oh, Madame, not that!" she cried, anything you like, only—please don't discharge me. I know that I shouldn't have fainting; I am so ashamed of myself. I was tired and the room seemed unusually warm. But I'll never do it again. Please, please, let me stay!"

"It is not possible," said Mme. Felice, inexorably, and after a glance at the hard face the girl turned away, her slender shoulder shaking with sobs.

In an instant she looked up at me. "You have been very good, Madame," she murmured.

"I took an impulsive decision. I shall wait for you, my dear, until you have changed your dress," I said. "Then you will come to lunch with me and we shall talk over what you are to do next."

I turned to Mme. Felice, who had been listening with raised eyebrows, I don't care to look at any more of you to-day," I said.

"Very well," she answered impassively. "I regret that Madame has been disturbed by an unfortunate incident. Marie, do not keep Madame waiting."

A few minutes later Marie and I went down the steps of the Maison Felice.

## Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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**O**NE of the earliest jobs is photographing Halley's comet every time it comes around.

A satisfactory method of removing freckles is to rush forward rapidly and then run backward. The momentum gained will cause the freckles to leap ahead and before they can reverse you can run out from behind them.

Chauffeurs' licenses are not required to operate a chewing gum slot machine in New York.

Travelling salesmen generally speak two languages, English and pinocchio.

Statistics show that an average of twenty-four out of every two dozen New Yorkers eat dishes that they can't pronounce.

One of the toughest things to do is to push on a rope.

When the King of Gazump is exceedingly pleased by a visitor he gives the stranger all the elephants he can carry away single-handed.

Motorcycling is very healthy, as the walk home does you a lot of good.

This is the time of the year when colds are easily contracted. Therefore, remember that there is always a draught blown through a buttonhole.